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SECOND PART

## THE CANADIAN MINT

By C. FREDERICK HAMILTON.

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The mint is where money is made. Money! Do you realize what that means? If you have it in great quantities—it means power, with all that power implies. If you have it in moderate quantities—it means culture, comfort, shelter from the elements, the means of travel and intercourse with your fellows, and every material thing that makes life worth living. If you have a very little—it means the mere continuance of your existence. It is the symbol of man's conquest of the world of stubborn material things about him. And money is manufactured in the low-set, oddly-shaped buildings, with the spiky iron fence about it, now down on Sussex street, hard by Nepesin Point, at Ottawa.

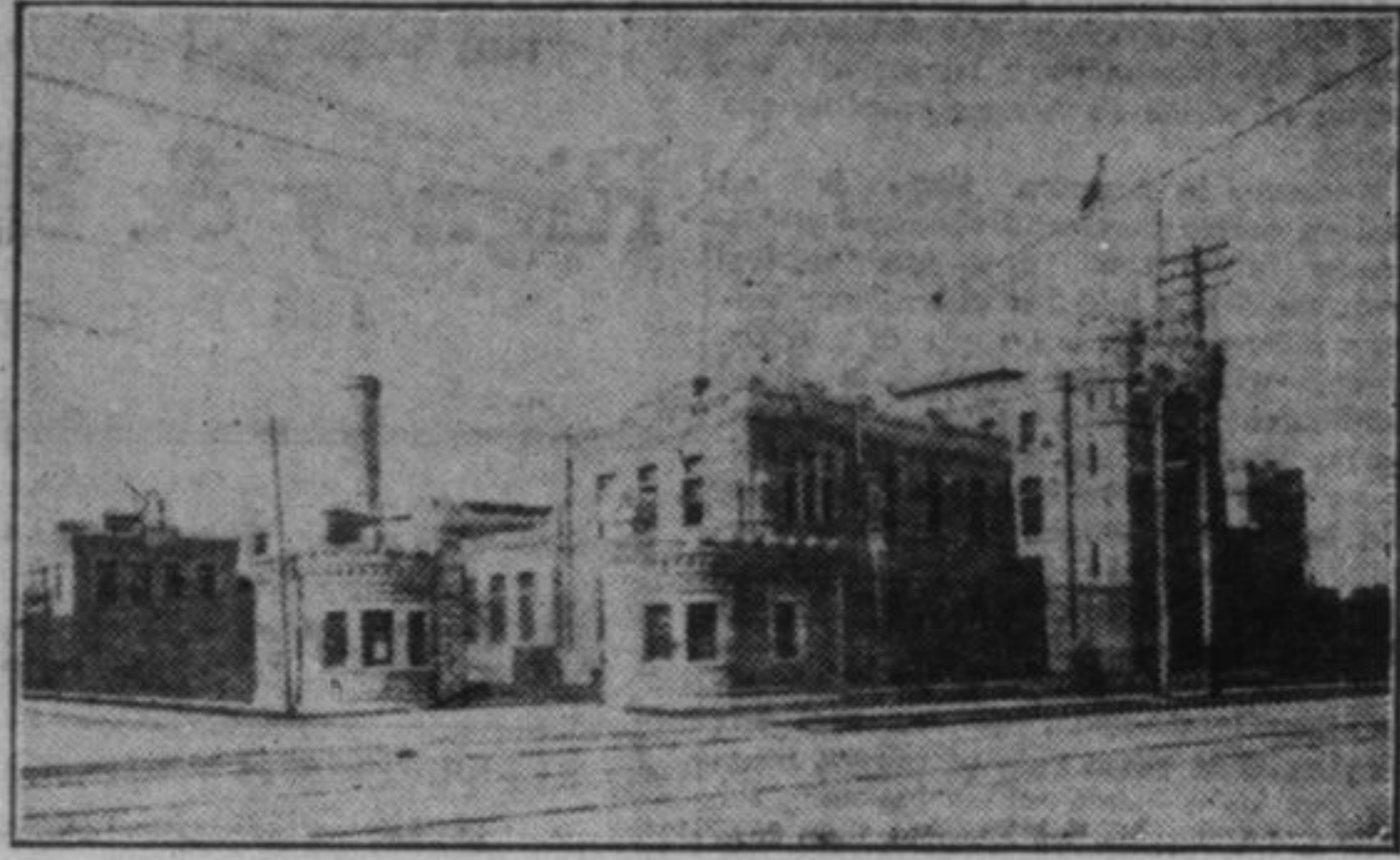
Visitors are allowed to go through the mint; under restriction and supervision. If you pay the visit you will be half-defeated with the roar of machinery; you will be rather awestruck at the complexity and ingenuity, and inhumanity, cold-blooded accuracy of the mechanical devices which are shown you. But when you have got clear of the noise, the chances are that the human rather than the mechanical elements will live longest in your memory. That is as it should be, for money represents the triumph of mind over matter.

It is hard money which is made here; you must go to engraving firms to see the paper money made. The real money of the country, however, is the actual coin which the mint exists to make. Of course we need the silver and copper coins which are struck, but in addition there is the gold coin, age upon which our paper money rests. Thanks to the social miracle of credit we use the paper money in daily life, but its value depends upon the unseen mass of gold, seventy million dollars' worth, a hundred and thirty tons' weight, which lies unseen, but occasionally counted, in the vaults of the government. Now the mint strikes alike the gold sovereign and the copper cent.

But about your visit to the mint. Preparation for that visit is a deliberate and formal piece of business. First you apply, and a day's notice or so is requisite. You get an "order." The order appoints a certain time and curbs neither you that unpunctuality will render it void; moreover, the whole party may not exceed six.

You approach the Mint; first you encounter the fence; such a fence as it is. It consists of slender, sharp-pointed rods set three or four inches apart, their bases in the solid rock-

here not so many inches below the surface—their points perhaps fifteen feet in the air. There is one gate through this; inside this gate is a little guard-house; and Dominion policemen inhabit that guard-house and allow no one to go in without authority. You are not suffered to enter without the production of that order; the workmen are not permitted to emerge without a written permit. Once past the guard-house, there is the door of the building, and at the door is an official to look at the pass. Once inside you wait in the spacious, handsomely proportioned—and severe—hallway until the guide appears. Everybody in your party signs a register, and you are led through and shown what it is deemed proper that



THE "MINT" AT OTTAWA.

you should see. In every room you visit the space in which you stand is divided from the working places by a neat little brass chain. Sopping you to be an enterprising thief in disguise, you don't get very much chance.

As you are led about, you notice that every door is unlocked by your guide when you approach it, and that it is locked behind you. The place is a series of sealed compartments. The workman goes in when the day's work begins and he is locked in—not only in the building, but in his own special department. Punctuality, by the way, is encouraged; if the workman is a moment behind the schedule time he finds the gates locked and must telephone in for permission to enter. Once in, he stays in till the day's work is done; there is no going out to dinner, and each department has a

kitchen of its own, where the meals of its own staff are prepared. When the workman enters he changes his clothes for a special suit, his clothes go into a locker, and that locker is closed until it is time for him to go home. The locks on the doors are of a character which makes it impossible for the men to quit their departments without special permission. If a man is taken ill, that special permission is necessary before he can be removed. All these arrangements lead up to this grand precaution; the metal to be used is served out in the morning from a wonderful strong-room, with huge steel doors, time-locks, and all other precautions; at the end of the day's work the metal in hand-completed coins, partly finished coins, gold, bullion in the crucibles—is weighed; until the two weighing tally, no one leaves the building.

Really this iron routine, this cold-blooded precaution, seems the most interesting feature of the whole establishment. But the place is filled with exceptionally ingenious machines and

age, the load of the crucible is sixty pounds, fifty-seven of which are of gold. When a crucible has been in long enough, it is lifted out and the glowing molten mass poured out into a mould. Then it is an ingot, and the ingot is washed and trimmed and made ready for the rolling machines. After the crucibles have been used about twenty times they are ground up and treated to recover any precious metals which may have adhered to them.

The next step is to pass these ingots through rolling mills; these roll them out into plates of exactly the proper thickness. The most interesting thing here is the fact that these mills have extremely rigorous opinions as to what "exactly the proper thickness" means. The largest, a thirty-horse-power affair, can be so gauged as to roll a bar to within five ten-thousandths of an inch. There is a smaller machine near by which can roll to a fineness of two ten-thousandths of an inch. What is termed a draw bench—adjusts the width of the bars to one ten-thousandths of an inch. Thus these machines transform the bars into thin strips, the exact thickness of the coin that is to be. What is to follow in the main is punching out the discs, and stamping on these discs the design. The disc-punching looks simple enough; the strip of metal goes in at one end and comes out at the other perforated with circular holes; if there are any ladies in your party, be sure they will exclaim on the value of this perforated strip for decorative purposes. The perforated strip goes back for re-melting; the heap of discs is ready for the die. Not quite ready, however; you will notice around the edge of a coin, especially a new one, a raised rim, which protects the impression. A quiet little machine puts that rim on, without giving you unnecessary hints as to how it does it. Then the discs are annealed, or brought by passing through a furnace into a condition of proper softness; then, after sundry washings and dryings and polishings, they are ready for the coining presses. These three big presses can be fitted with any kind of dies, and strike a blow ranging from fifty to ninety tons to the square inch. The blanks are fed into these, and come out with the image of his gracious majesty stamped upon one side, the necessary legend on the other.

That does not end the story of the coin. There is inspection, to see that all coins are perfect; a machine spreads them out on an endless belt, for observers to notice discolorations or faults of shape; all that are condemned are put through a pair of rollers that haggles them so as to be impossible of circulation, and back they go to the melting pot. When the coins are passed perfect, they are, when of gold or silver, weighed. Four wonderful little

machines attend to this. They are so delicate that it was feared that the jarring of the electric cars out on Sussex street would disturb them, and a pier of concrete has been let down to the solid rock; on it they stand. There are three compartments underneath the machine; the coins fall in and each is weighed; perfect ones go to the central compartment, light ones are deflected to one, heavy ones to another compartment. Even when the coins are passed by these instruments their adventures are not wholly over; they go to an automatic teller, which counts them out and makes sure that each package contains the proper number. And then away to the care of the express company, and from the express company to the banks or the government vaults. No longer is it gold, silver or copper; it is money, the mysterious solid embodiment of man's power over nature.

**Mother's Appreciate Them.**  
Because they are the only medicine which gives the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opium, morphine or other harmful narcotic. This means the mother can give this medicine to her youngest baby with absolute safety. Thousands of mothers know this and will give no other medicine to their little ones. The Tablets cannot do harm—they always do good. When the little one has a cold, baby indigestion, colic, when he has worms or his teeth are troubling him, Baby's Own Tablets will prove their worth. Concerning them Mrs. E. Merriam, Shetland, Ont., writes: "I use Baby's Own Tablets for my three little ones and consider them the very best medicine during the teething period." The Tablets are sold at 25c. a box by all medicine dealers or direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Dockstader's Repartee.**  
Utica Globe.  
In repartee Lew Dockstader is very quick. Once, when playing cards with friends, one player asked the minstrel man if he knew why they called it "poker."  
"Because," he replied, "if you play with it long enough you're sure to get burned."  
A little man, his anger getting the better of him, once accused the big minstrel of being a liar.  
"Well," pleasantly smiled Dockstader, looking down at the man, "what are you going to do about it?"  
"I'm going to punch you!" exploded the other.  
"If you do, you'll hurt your hand," said Dockstader and the man had to laugh in spite of himself.

Don't let your temper run away with you. Let the stern guardians of the public welfare send a policeman to bring you back.

## VAUGHAN IN ENGLAND

IT MIGHT TAKE A LESSON FROM GERMANY.

Which He Calls the Most Patriotic Land on the Map of Europe—The Heavens Look Clouded, the Father Says.

Germany is the most patriotic land on the map of Europe, and its Catholic population is the most patriotic party in the Empire, said Father Vaughan in the German church in the East End of London.

And if the great Central party in Germany was the recognized patriotic party, in the best sense of the word, the reason for it, he continued, was not far to seek. Patriotism was the outcome of religion, and in the measure in which religion was cultivated true patriotism flourished.

When he heard of so-called Catholic countries falling away from religion he knew that the priesthood was shirking its duties. It was the house-to-house going priest who made the church-going people. He had never known, at home or abroad, any local painstaking, apostolic living clergy without a church-going and religion-practising congregation. When the dry-rot set in a church, it began not in the body of the church but in the sanctuary itself.

He congratulated the Catholics in Germany on the way in which they had marshalled their forces and disciplined the party. It knew its mission, and fulfilled it, led by the clergy.

England, to-day, he continued, might do well to learn a lesson from Germany. What enormous sacrifices were made, what fabulous sums were spent in maintaining forces by land and on sea in the interests of the Fatherland.

He did not venture a prophesy what was to be the immediate future of England, but he did not hesitate to say that never did the heavens look more clouded; never did they seem so menacing. A period had been reached when every Englishman should be prepared to make enormous personal sacrifices for the welfare of his country. Those sacrifices would be made with had grace enough unless the rising generation was trained, like their German rivals, in schools in which religion was regarded as a subject of first-class importance and was cultivated as a most sacred duty.

You can cross the line to get into dishonesty much easier than you can cross it to get out of it. The born aristocrat is of little use to the world and humanity. Sometimes I think fools make fashions for fools to follow.

## MAN-A-LIN



**MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy for Constipation.**

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimpled skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache.

Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

**OUR BEAVER BRAND**  
Of Flour is unequalled for bread or pastry. Price is moderate.  
A. MACLEAN, Ontario Street.

# Spring Suits and Coats for 1911

We have just received from five of the leading New York Suit and Coat makers, Jos. Johnsson & Co., 19 West 21st St.; Julius Stein & Co., Fifth Ave.; Altman & Crossman, 27 West 21st St.; J. C. Stratton & Co., Fifth Ave.; Fredman Bros., 900 Broadway, one hundred and thirty of their very latest styles in suits and coats, no two alike; also their samples of cloths in all the new spring shades, which we can have made to order in any style to your own special measurements. Any orders given us will be filled in two weeks' time. We guarantee to fit you perfectly or no sale. As there is a limited quantity of these cloths early buying means a larger variety of goods to choose from. Call and see the largest and swellest lot of suits and coats ever imported to Kingston.

Orders taken for separate skirts from any style.

# New York White Muslin Underwear at New York Prices

WE have been fortunate enough to procure five sets of travellers' samples from one of the largest manufacturers in New York, of White Underwear. They comprise Gowns, Skirts, Drawers, Corset Covers, Combinations, Princess Slips, Colored Muslin Kimonas, long and short. These goods will be sold during January and February at a discount of 20 per cent. which means New York goods at New York prices.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

# REWALD BRON

Corner Wellington and Brock Streets